

THE
Roguish
MILLER;



O R,
Nothing got
by Cheating.

Also, a *DIALOGUE* between a Farmer, a Miller, a Flour-seller, and a Baker.

A Miller there was, and he liv'd at his Mill,
Which was built on a stream at the foot of a hill.
He cheated all day and he drank all the night,
For cheating and drinking was all his delight;
While his moments in tippling unheeded did roll,
This still was his saying—be sure to take toll.

Whoever sent corn to be ground at his Mill,
He spoilt it, he chang'd it, he pilfer'd it still;
In villainy thus a long course he did run,
For he fancy'd that cheating was very good fun.
He car'd not what came of his body or soul,
While this was his saying—I'll always take toll.

If you sent a full Sack of good corn to his Mill,
A Sack of bad flour he sent you back still,
For he fancy'd that when he the wheat had once
ground,
The difference would not be easily found:
Now to change good for bad was as if he had stole,
And he not only chang'd it—but always took toll.

The Neighbours oft sent him their Money to pay,
But he always refus'd it and sent it away;
Had he taken the Money he'd have got but his due,
But the payment that's lawful for him wou'd not
do;
What was honestly his he despis'd on the whole,
Because he got more from—the taking of toll.

On day when a Farmer had sent a good sack
Of his Corn to be ground, and then sent for it
back;
He call'd to his Man and demanded straitway,
If for this he had taken the toll on that day.
The Man straight declar'd, that tho' nought he
had stole,
Yet that he had taken—the full of the toll.

He then call'd his maid, and he ask'd her good lack,
If toll she had taken from that very sack;
She declar'd that she had, but he fond of self.
Said, for fear that you shou'd not, I'll take it
myself;
So rashly he ventur'd the loss of his Soul,
And mended his practice—by thrice taking toll.

At length he grew bolder and bolder in sin,
And cheating he deeper and deeper got in;
Of Satan, alas! he was quite at the beck,
Where he first took a pound he at length took a
peck,

No church he frequented to pray for his Soul,
Whowou'd might go thither—so he could take toll.

The Farmer the Squire, the Parson likewise
Agreed to observe him with still keener Eyes;
But the Justice he cheated to such a degree,
That no longer with patience his frauds cou'd he
see;
So he sent him to jail by the Law's just controul,
And a MERTIMUS paid him—for taking of toll.

Come all honest Millers whoever you be,
And listen to counsel that's given by me;
Be content, like fairtradesmen with moderate gains
And look for a lawful reward of your pains;
If 'tis paid you in money be pleas'd on the whole,
And if you take any—take moderate toll.

O! seek not each way to defraud that you can,
Nor cheat in the flower, nor cheat in the bran;
Be honest and all Men will flock to your Mill,
And tho' others want custom, yours ne'er will
stand still.
And when to your MAKER you give up your soul,
You'll rejoice that you always—took moderate toll.

A *DIALOGUE* &c.

'T WAS once on a time and not long ago,
Four Tradesmen they met at the Sign of the Roe,
A Farmer, a Miller, a Flourfeller too,
Likewise a Bread Baker to make up the Crew,
Where they call'd for a Bottle of Burgundy Wine,
Which soon to be merry it did them incline.

The Farmer then soon began for to say,
To be sure every Year I've great Rents for to pay,
But what signifies that, great Rents are a trifle,
I'll Raife my Corn treble, and my Conscience I'll Stifle.

The Miller Replied your Notion is good,
To have a good living is Right that we shou'd,
The Toll I will take and handsomely too,
So live happy and Merry as any of you.
For sooner than I a good living will lack,
I'll take all the Corn and Swear I've no Sack.

The Flour-seller then he answered in turn,
Saying Sirs I assure you my Trade's not to learn,
I'll Cheat them in Weight and Raife the Price to my Mind,
And Say with a grace,—the Cause is, there's no Wind.

Then up Starts the Baker, and Cry'd out "well said,"
I mean to get Rich by Baking of Bread,
I'll pinch them in Weight, and take from their Loaf,
And ne'er mind Other people, so I have Enough.